1469

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

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"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

It is reported that Florence Kelley-Wischnewetzky, the pride of the State Socialists, has joined the church and the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Her Socialist husband having begun the practice of his authoritarianism by beating her, she has concluded to try authority in another form. Some people never will learn.

The New York "Tribune" is publishing a list of all the millionaires in this country, together with their occupations, with a view to enforcing the conclusion that the great fortunes have not been made under, or in consequence of, the high tariff. Even if this could be shown, it would not follow that the tariff does not add to the wealth of the protected at the expense of the unprotected consumers. But will the "Tribune" undertake to prove that the great fortunes cannot be traced to the operations of *any* privilege or legal monopoly? The tariff is a political and economic evil, no doubt; but it is by no means the worst evil.

I hear that the Humboldt Publishing Company will soon publish an edition of Spencer's "Social Statics." It is to be hoped that they will be shrewd enough to print it in its original form, as its author first wrote it. The early edition is the one that will live; and whoever republishes it will discover a great demand for it. It is very lucky that it can be republished, having been written too early to receive the copyright privilege. If Mr. Spencer had a copyright in this country, he would suppress the early edition entirely. As he has not, I hardly know whether I should congratulate or commiserate those believers in copyright who place a high value on the chapter entitled "The Right to Ignore the State," which Mr. Spencer is now trying to take from them.

Talk about bloodthirsty Anarchists! Listen to this. It is the editor of the "American Architect" who speaks. "So far as principle goes, we would like to see any interference with the employment of a man willing to work, any *request* or demand — direct or indirect — *for the discharge of a faithful workman*, or any attempt at coercion of a workman, by threats of any sort, to leave his work, PUNISHABLE WITH DEATH." Here we have Archism in full flower. If John Smith politely asks Jim Jones to discharge or not to employ industrious and faithful Sam Robinson, kill him. Such is capitalism's counsel to the courts. If it should be acted upon, I hold that the people would have better cause to charge the "Architect" editor with conspiracy to murder, find him guilty, and dynamite him, than had the State of Illinois to find a similar verdict against Spies and his comrades and hang them. I wonder if the "Architect" editor would be willing to see his principle carried out impartially. Fancy, for instance, the electrocution of Col. Eliot F. Shepard for blacklisting an industrious and faithful Fifth Avenue stage-driver on account of his use of profane language and asking the superintendents of horse-car lines not to employ him. If incendiary counsel shall bring on a bloody revolution, the chief sin thereof will lie upon the capitalists and their hired advocates, and bitterly will they pay the penalty. In these modern days there are many Foulons, some of whom may yet eat grass.

A prohibition paper, the "New England Home," is puzzled by certain facts, and it pathetically calls for an explanation of them. It says, with reference to a statement in the New York "World" to the effect that most of the governors and ex-governors who oppose prohibition are either total abstainers or very moderate consumers of liquors, that the attitude of these political champions of the rum power needs explanation, and that it has vainly appealed to the new organs and the advocates of "moderation" for a justification of the glowing inconsistency between the professions and the conduct of their chosen leaders. "Why is it," queries the simple-minded prohibitionist, "that the most notorious political advocates of rum are showing an increasing disposition not to practise the 'personal' liberty for which they so vociferously clamor? Why is it an 'outrage' to suppress that which debauches everybody who drinks it, and which every man who has a clear notion of his own best interests is learning to let alone? Why should these politicians, who themselves abstain through self-interest, be allowed to promote a traffic which is debauching the ignorant classes to a degree that makes the burden of the rum traffic the greatest menace of our institutions? What is there in this 'great cause of personal liberty' worth fighting for?" I am sure the "Voice" would never be guilty of such silliness as this. Evolutionists should carefully examine the queer species represented by the editor of the "Home." We strongly suspect that the missing link between man and ape is to be found at last. Is it possible that a rational creature can fail to perceive the distinction between abstaining through self-interest and being forced to abstain through meddlesome interference? If it is really a human being who detects an inconsistency between insisting upon the liberty to drink and exercising the liberty not to drink, it is clear that nothing but a surgical operation can bring about a change of view. If it is illogical to defend the liberty to drink for those who do not indulge in immoderate drinking, then it is illogical to defend free speech for those who are neither writers nor speakers nor public men, and it is illogical for the man who does not intend to engage in a certain legitimate pursuit to hold that he would be justified in engaging in it if his inclinations took that direction. It is fortunate for the prohibition movement, though unfortunate for the cause of freedom, that not all advocates of prohibition are as stupid as the "New England Home."

Bagehot for Free Money.

[Today.]

In the "abridged and revised" edition of Mr. Spencer's "Social Statics," just published, we find an unexpected and therefore doubly welcome citation of an acknowledged authority on finance and economic subjects in confirmation of the individualist contention that government meddling with banking and currency is not only totally uncalled for, but positively mischievous. The following paragraph is appended, as a foot-note, to that part of the chapter on "Currency, Postal Arrangements, etc.," in which Mr. Spencer argues in favor, and proves the advantageousness of, complete free trade in currency.

The conclusion drawn in the above section has been contested by Prof. Stanley Jevons in his work on "Money and the Mechanism of Exchange." He argues that in this case the judgment of the consumer cannot be trusted to maintain the quality, because the consumer does not take the money to keep it, but to pass it on, and hence has no interest in any greater goodness of it than will enable him to pass it on. He enunciates what has been called Gresham's law, — "that bad money drives out good money, but that good money cannot drive out bad money." But this ignores the fact that after a certain point depreciation of value from wear (which is the cause he assigns for debasement) hinders the circulation of the debased money; for as, from time to time, banks deduct discount on renewing much-worn coins, and as traders, knowing this, often refuse much-worn coins, there arises a resistance to the circulation of inferior coinage, and it becomes unable, as alleged, to drive out the good. Not having studied the question, however, I rely chiefly on an authority certainly not lower than Prof. Jevons, namely, the late Mr. Walter Bagehot, who, as a banker, editor of the "Economist," and writer on financial matters, was a judge specially competent. Shortly before his death, I named to him Prof. Jevons's argument. He dissented from it, and agreed with me. He did more: he expressed the opinion that, had there existed no interdicts on coining by private persons, the House of Rothschild would long before this have established an universal coinage! If he was right in this belief, how enormous has been the injury inflicted on mankind by State interdicts on coining! What an immense amount of labor and loss would have been saved had things been allowed to take their natural course!

Liberty.

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NEW YORK, N. Y., MAY 21, 1892.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestige of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."—PROUDHON.

☞ The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

"The Villains of the Commune."

Lamenting the leniency of the French nation in periodically granting political amnesty, E. L. Godkin writes in the "Evening Post":

> Of all the villains of the Commune of 1871 who were sentenced to deportation to Cayenne for life, we do not believe one now remains in durance vile. They have all been forgiven, and so Ravachol doubtless thinks it will be with him and his confederates.

Worse yet, Godkin! Not only are they not in durance vile, but nearly all of them now hold positions of the highest trust or prominence in art, literature, politics, science, industry, and commerce.

Let us see who these villains of the Commune were and what has become of them since the amnesty. Of those whom I shall mention not all were sentenced to New Caledonia for life, the penalty in some cases having been imprisonment for a term of years and in others perpetual exile; but I make no discrimination, because in the matter of villainy undoubtedly Godkin would make none.

I will begin with Elisée Reclus, perhaps the most famous geographer living, who is now writing the closing volumes of his gigantic work, "The Earth and Its Inhabitants," for which he has lately been decorated by a French scientific society. He is the first villain on our list. In the Commune's ranks he fought.

Paschal Grousset, who escaped from New Caledonia with Rochefort, is now a novelist, a journalist, and the leader of the movement for the physical culture of the youth of France.

Elie Reclus, brother of Elisée and librarian of the National Library under the Commune, is an ethnologist of high repute and is employed in scientific work by the publishing house of Hachette & Co. By his side works Lefrançais, another member of the Commune and scientist as well.

It is almost needless to mention Henri Rochefort. Though now undergoing another exile on account of his political opinions, his leading article sent from London to "L'Intransigeant" is read eagerly every day by two hundred thousand people, and the Republic trembles before his pen as did the Empire. Among the journalists of France he is easily the first in influence.

Arthur Arnould, since the amnesty, has written novels which have won him fame and a play which scored a pronounced success at the Odéon.

Amouroux, who died a few years ago, was on the editorial staff of an influential Paris daily. Four years after the amnesty he was elected to the Paris municipal council, and later to the chamber of deputies, of which bodies he was considered one of the most industrious members. While municipal councillor, he was one of an official delegation of two sent to this country on some important mission, the nature of which I do not now recall. Here he was *fêted* by the authorities, who little dreamed that they were entertaining a villain.

Brelay has been several times elected to the chamber of deputies.

General Cluseret, who is not only a villain of the Commune, but a villain of the Crimean war, a villain of the Garibaldian army, and a villain of Fenianism, is at present a member of the chamber of deputies. Besides a soldier and a legislator, he is a painter of no mean power.

Avrial, after the amnesty, became the contractor of a large sewing-machine factory. He is an inventor of such fertility that it is said of him that he can take out a new patent every day.

Emile Ferry has been mayor of the ninth *arrondissement* of Paris.

Gambon, a villain of 1848 as well as of the Commune, who became famous as the man whose cow was sold for taxes under the Empire, was another member of the chamber of deputies.

Léo Meillet, on being exiled, established a boarding-school in Glasgow. The children of the first families of Scotland are entrusted to the care of this villain.

Dr. Goupil, sentenced to five years' imprisonment and pardoned at the end of two years and a half, then opened an office in Paris, where his medical practice yields him sixty thousand francs a year.

Gustave Courbet, instrumental in the demolition of the Vendôme column, was one of the leading painters of France, even before the Commune. His pictures now command fabulous prices, and his name and works are counted among the crowning glories of French art. The villain died in exile.

Méline has not only been a deputy, but several times a member of the government. He was the Minister of Agriculture. Now that he has become the leader of the French protectionists, Godkin probably thinks him more a villain than ever.

When Félix Pyat died in 1889, he was a member of the chamber of deputies. Both friends and enemies regarded him as a journalist and *littérateur* of the first order and as a dramatist in some respects unequalled. He wrote the most successful play ever produced on the French stage, "The Rag-Picker of Paris," of which he afterwards made a novel known to the readers of Liberty as a master-piece of the romantic school. As he once proposed a toast to the little bullet that should kill Napoleor III, it is not unlikely that Godkin considers him the worst villain of the lot.

Ranc, the old disciple of Blanqui, is editor-in-chief of one of the first journals of Paris, and has had an opportunity to refuse a cabinet position.

Blanqui, the arch-conspirator who paid the penalty for his life of eighty-odd years of villainy by spending forty-seven of them in prison, spent his years of freedom in studying society and the stars. He was a noted astronomer. The great sculptor Dalou disgraced himself by making a statue of this villain for his monument at Père-Lachaise.

Dr. Robinet is one of the leaders of the French Positivists.

Tirard is a member of the French senate and has held three portfolios,—agriculture, commerce, and finance.

Alavoine, on his return, was given an important place in the office of the prefect of the Seine.

Arnold became architect of the city of Paris.

Brunel is a professor in the English Naval School, having obtained the position in a competitive examination.

Douvet spent his exile in London, where he edited the "Courrier de l'Europe," of which journal he later became the owner. He acquired great influence in England, and was elected a member of the Cobden Club. Afterward he sold his journal at a large profit, and became a manufacturer in Paris. He is president of the Anti-Wheat-Tax League and is worth a million. I'll wager that Godkin wouldn't refuse an invitation to dinner from this man, in spite of his villainy.

Callet, after his three years in prison, was made managing inspector of the public buildings of Paris.

Chabert was elected to the Paris municipal council.

Hector France is a prominent novelist.

Humbert, an editor of the "Père-Duchêne" in 1871, is at present prominent in Parisian journalism.

Joffrin became a municipal councillor and a deputy. He died hated by the Boulangists, in whose overthrow he had been a powerful factor. They alone considered him a villain. All other parties—radical and conservative alike—paid tribute to his memory as an exceptionally honest man.

Lucipia is a municipal councillor and an able journalist.

Dacosta is an accomplished grammarian, and his text-books are considered models in the schools.

Barrére is *chargé d'affaires* of France at Egypt and a member of the Legion of Honor.

Dalou is a sculptor of the highest eminence.

Bricon is a physician, who has grown so rich through his practice that he now cares to work only in the hospitals with his friend, Dr. Bourneville.

Gausseron is a teacher in one of the principal schools of Paris.

Jaclard lived in Russia during his exile, where in five years' time he built up a considerable literary reputation.

Jacquot is a consul.

Perret, accused of burning the Palais-Royal, fled to Belgium, where, perhaps to atone for his villainy, he built the Winter Garden of the King's Palace and the monument to Peter the Great at Spa. After the amnesty he built an enormous number of new edifices in Paris. He has a fortune of five millions. Even Godkin will forgive him.

Piat holds an important post in the management of the State Railways.

Roques de Filhol became a deputy.

Vuillaume, with Humbert on the "Père Duchêne" in 1871, is an expert in technical science. He holds an important position in one of the recognized dynamite factories. Perhaps it was from this villain that Ravachol procured his dynamite. Who knows?

These men, so eminent in the highest walks of life, Godkin wishes were still in durance vile. And not only this. He glories in the fact that their comrades were killed like dogs. I have never seen so cynical a confession of the massacres committed by the Versaillists as the following:

When the army finally got possession of the city, there was but a handful of the breed left. They were slaughtered without mercy, whenever caught. Their loss, during and after the siege, was put, by moderate computation, at 20,000. They were set in rows against the most convenient walls when the fighting was over, and dispatched with a celerity which the murdering villains themselves must, even under such circumstances, have secretly admired.

The reader will decide where the villainy lies, — whether with the men of the Commune or with the author of this monstrous attack on them. The political and economic views of the revolutionists of 1871 were of the most diverse character, and I certainly share very few of them; but I esteem it a privilege to defend their characters against the heartless hypocrite, Godkin. T.

A Denial and a Challenge.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Were the statements true with which I have been credited by the "Herald," you would have been justified in rebuking me for them. The fact is, however, that I am no more responsible for them than you are, say, for the latest utterance of the German Emperor. The article on "Anarchy in Europe" was entirely concocted in the "Herald's" office, not the slightest notice being taken of the answers which I had taken care to *dictate* to my interviewer. In vain did I seek for redress from the "Herald" itself, and from the "World." My protest remained unpublished, and I was left to rely entirely on the common sense of the newspaper's reader. The judgment which I was reported to have passed on yourself and Mr. Pentecost was bad enough. Still worse it was to let me say that I had come here "to awaken the spirit of independence among the American workmen," whilst I cannot imagine anything more absurd and silly than the definition, attributed to me, of Communist-Anarchism by the Englishman's motto, "Fair exchange is no robbery." Indeed, the whole thing bore so plainly the marks of falsehood on the face of it that I wonder how an intelligent man like you may have accepted it as genuine. I hope, sir, that you will not doubt the sincerity of my repudiation of the "Herald's" article; and I expect that you will kindly find room for this letter in the next issue of Liberty. I wish to add that my "ignorance" would not prevent me from debating on a public platform the question of Individualist-Anarchism versus Socialist-Anarchism.

Yours sincerely,
S. Merlino.

[I have too often been grossly misrepresented by the newspapers myself to doubt the sincerity of Dr. Merlino's repudiation of the words which the "Herald" put in his mouth. Still it is rarely the case that a reporter goes the length of attributing to his victim remarks upon a subject to which he had not even alluded. Therefore it is hardly probable, though barely possible, that Dr. Merlino, in his interview with the "Herald" reporter, did not mention the names of Mr. Pentecost and myself. Now, if he did mention these names, it is singular that, in repudiating the "Herald" version, he has not given his own. If he did not say what the "Herald" says he said about Mr. Pentecost and myself, then just what did he say about us? That is what it would be interesting to know. But even if he said nothing at all, I the less regret that I published my criticism, since it has led to this repudiation. The important point is not that Dr. Merlino said or did not say the words attributed to him, but that these words were said, if not by him, then by the "Herald," and that they have been vigorously refuted. I must refuse my assent, however, to the view that I, as an intelligent man, was bound to consider the "Herald" version as false on its face. I have heard the trusted leaders of Dr. Merlino's party say so many things that were incomparably more foolish than any that the "Herald" attributed to Dr. Merlino himself, that I am never surprised now at the utterances of Communists except when they are sensible. If this exception covers Dr. Merlino's case, I am only too happy to accept his challenge to debate. But as the challenged party I claim the right to choice of weapons. I choose the pen rather than the tongue. These columns are open to Dr. Merlino to any reasonable extent for whatever he may have to say upon Individualist-Anarchism, not versus Socialist-Anarchism, for I claim to be a Socialist-Anarchist myself, but versus Communist-Anarchism, and I can assure him that he will get an answer. If, however, Dr. Merlino prefers tongue-fence, we too have an adept at that art, and it is my impression, though I am not authorized to say so, that Comrade Yarros will accommodate him. If so, may I be there to see!—Editor Liberty.]

The Ravachol Verdict.

Whether justifiably or not, the jury that failed to guillotine Ravachol, the dynamiter, is the butt of much ridicule in Paris, the general opinion being that the explosion in the Véry restaurant on the eve of the trial so frightened the jurymen that they did not dare to take extreme measures. "L'Echo de Paris" pictures the trying situation of these panic-stricken *bourgeois* in the following mock account of the jury's deliberations:

First Juror. — "Well, Monsieur, what do you think about it?"

Second Juror. — "Why, to be sure!"

Third Juror. — "It is a serious matter!"

Fourth Juror. — "And a complicated one."

Fifth Juror. — "Not so bad as that! In fact, the struggle is simply between our conscience and our interest."

Sixth Juror. — "Conscience must prevail."

The Others (faintly). — "Certainly, certainly."

Seventh Juror. — "It is evident that the question has two sides."

Eighth Juror. — "If we do not condemn Ravachol, we shall fail in our duty."

Ninth Juror. — "And if we do condemn him, we run a great risk of being blown up."

Tenth Juror. — "Is it one's duty to be blown up, in life? That is the whole question."

Eleventh Juror. — "I would rather not."

The Others. — "Me too."

Twelfth Juror. — "Yet we must come to some decision."

First Juror. — "Why? We could continue our deliberations for several years; meanwhile perhaps Ravachol would die a natural death, and then" . . .

Second Juror. — "Impossible! I give a dinner party day after to-morrow."

Third Juror. — "And besides, that would have a suspicious look."

Fourth Juror. — "Then let us decide."

Fifth Juror. — "Let us condemn him squarely."

Sixth Juror. — "Or acquit him with equal squareness."

Seventh Juror. — "There, already, is a great step taken."

Eighth Juror. — "I support both propositions."

Ninth Juror. — "In principle, I am for condemnation."

All. — "Indeed!"

Tenth Juror. — "But in fact, that is quite another matter."

All. — "Evidently."

Eleventh Juror. — "In all cases there are degrees."

Twelfth Juror. — "Undoubtedly. We can condemn without condemning."

First Juror. — "Or not condemn, while condemning."

Second Juror. — "Which, however, is a matter for consideration."

Third Juror. — "How rapidly we are gaining light!"

Fourth Juror. — "Now that we have light, perhaps we can agree."

Fifth Juror. — "That will be more difficult."

Sixth Juror. — "Then let us settle it by lot."

Seventh Juror. — "A good idea! Let us put all the different penalties in a hat."

Eighth Juror. — "Including acquittal."

Ninth Juror. — "Of course."

Tenth Juror. — "And we entrust ourselves to fate."

All. — "Bravo!"

(The foreman writes several little slips, throws them into his hat, and shakes them up energetically.)

Eleventh Juror. — "I am agitated."

Twelfth Juror. — "It seems to me as if I myself were about to be condemned."

First Juror. — "Are you ready, gentlemen?"

All. — "We are ready."

(Deep silence, disturbed only by the sound of chattering teeth.)

First Juror. — "One, two, three . . . (Here he takes a slip from the hat.) There is our decree."

Second Juror. — "Be merciful!"

First Juror. — "I will try. (He unfolds the slip and reads:) Imprisonment for life at hard labor."

All (overwhelmed). — "We have no luck!"

The jurors, however, stoutly and indignantly defend themselves against the charge that their verdict was influenced by fear, and the following considerations, advanced by one of them to an "Intransigeant" reporter in defence of the verdict, cannot be easily disposed of:

Our decision was what it should have been, — impartial and just. Why were Ravachol and his accomplices prosecuted? Was it for the murder of the hermit of Chambles? No, but for explosions which had killed nobody. It was not for us to inquire into the past of the prisoners brought before us, but only into the act with which they are charged. This act was an *attempt* at murder. An *attempt*, you understand, an *attempt not followed by the effect!* Did ever a Paris jury punish an attempt as severely as the crime itself? That is the first consideration. I will add that, for my own part, I was also disinclined to vote for Ravachol's death, because I am a determined opponent of capital punishment: but this is a personal consideration. Let us pass now to another order of ideas. Were the attempts of which Ravachol and his accomplices were guilty common-law crimes or political crimes? In short, was it for the simple pleasure of killing, was it for purposes of theft, that they blew up two houses? No. They were actuated by a quite different motive. It was a criminal motive, and to me a horrible one.

but it necessarily had a certain influence upon our decision. To sum up: In my soul and conscience it was impossible to send to the scaffold men who had killed nobody and had been guilty of political offences. That is all I have to say."

Her Majesty's Uniform in Disrepute.

[Toronto Grip.]

The following letter appeared in a recent issue of the "Mail":

Sir,—On Thursday evening last I happened to be passing the factory of Firstbrook Bros., King street east, and was grossly insulted by a gang of hoodlum employees who happened to be standing in the archway of the building, who used every insulting epithet they could possibly level at me. This, I may say, is a common occurrence in the city to those wearing Her Majesty's uniform, and it is high time some notice was taken of it by the civil authorities.

Yours, etc.,
A SOLDIER.

TORONTO, April 29.

This is one of the most encouraging indications of the growth of a healthy public sentiment on the subject of militarism that we have noticed for a long time. The masses are beginning to recognize instinctively that the red-coated loafer, who, in order to get an easy living, undertakes to do any dirty work in the way of butchering his fellow men that a corrupt and rascally government may have on hand, is only deserving of contempt and insult. The "hoodlums" know that they are taxed to keep up a set of swaggering dudes and conceited popinjays whose uniform is the symbol of their readiness to become murderers at the word of command. They know too that in the case of any civil disturbance they themselves might as likely as not be the victims. Why should they not let these lazy swash-buckling bullies know what they think of them? We admit that it would perhaps show a little better taste to refrain from epithets, and treat the passing soldier to a philosophical disquisition on the wickedness and absurdity of the military system, but there are obvious difficulties in the way, and possibly the "hoodlum's" rough and ready fashion of giving utterence to his opinions is the only one adapted to the barrack-room stage of intellectual development.

Form and Spirit.

Love is like the beams of light
That, slanting down before the sight
Of a foolish country wight,
Seemed like bars of gold,
And with zealous greed for self
He tried to make a pretty pelf
Of light, to lay upon a shelf,
But dust his hands did hold.

Love is like a filbert nut
Which, if you eat the kernel out,
Keeps its life a secret shut
Ever and for aye,
But, if given to the earth,
Straight springs a fruitful tree to birth,
Which yields to all its goodly worth,
And eat thereof you may.

Love is like an angel bright
Who winged to earth one winter night;
Her, men bound with withies tight
Lest she flew away,
And next morning on that ground
They sought the living, but they found
A marble woman on a mound
With feet formed of clay.

Miriam Daniell.

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